

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast', tis not it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pirrhous, hee
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th' ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light.
To their Lords murther, rostid in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuckles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandire Priam seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhous at Priam drijves, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whisse and wind of his fell sword,
Th' vnnerved father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner Pirrhous eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining onthe milkie head
Of reverent Priam, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant Pirrhous stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racking stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after pirrhous pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Mares Armor forg'd for proose eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pirrhous bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round nauie downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to Hecuba.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With Bifon rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarime of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steep'd;
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw Pirrhous make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse thing; mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colur, and has teares
in's eyes prethee no more,

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vsē them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vsē euery man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vsē them after your owne
honour and dignety, the lesse they deserue the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou
here